

Holt County Sentinel.

Oregon, Missouri.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1865.

New Constitution.

The New Constitution has been adopted by a majority of 1,862. It went into force as the organic law of the State on the 4th inst., as will be seen by the proclamation of the Governor in another column. The Railroad Ordinance also becomes a law, having carried by a majority of 18,167.

The Fourth at Oregon.

The celebration of the great anniversary at Oregon passed off in a pleasant and harmonious manner. Owing to the fact that celebrations were also held at Richville and Mound City, which were attended largely by citizens from this vicinity there was not so many in attendance here as on former like occasions, yet the turn-out was sufficiently large to make the day very interesting and enjoyable. The beautifully shaded court house square was densely crowded by delegations of the old and young from even the remotest portions of the county. The exercises consisted in part, of the reading of the Declaration of Independence, which duty was performed in excellent style by Rev. N. H. SMITH; this was followed by an oration by the Rev. WM. CUMMINS, a very able effort, and which was received by the people in the appreciative manner it deserved. The national salute, patriotic songs, dinner, and toasts, embraced the principal remaining features of the occasion. The preparations were not as complete as could have been desired, from the lack of time to prepare after the matter was set on foot, yet there seemed no noticeable lack of enjoyment on the part of any.

Our Business, or Yours?

We are told that some suspicions are indulged that there is an underground man connected with this paper, who is to control the editorial department in a sly way. Well, we consider that rather a good joke on the man, whoever he is. We have not yet had the honor of making his acquaintance. Much as it may surprise some, we had an idea all along that we would control the concern ourselves. However, the "best laid schemes of mice and men" sometimes fail. Our calculations may have been Utopian! Yet how very consoling to us is the reflection that when we fail there are a few kind-hearted friends who are willing to devote to us so much charity and sympathy, as to attend to our business gratis, to the prejudice of their own affairs.

Military.

Captain A. RECKEN, late of the Fourth Cavalry, M. S. M. has resigned and returned to his home in Forest City.

The remaining detachments of the Fourth, and other M. S. M. regiments are now in St. Louis awaiting muster out. We hear also that the 43d Inf., Mo., Vols., has been ordered to Saint Louis preparatory to being mustered out.

Col. Beveridge, of the 17th Ills., Cavalry, has been promoted to Brigadier General. We felt as though somebody ought to be promoted when the 17th made its celebrated charge on the prairie just beyond Big Blue!

ONE of the most mournful, among numerous applicants for pardon, is that of ex-rebel Senator Foote, who writes from the sequestered spot of Montreal, claiming that he is justified in soliciting amnesty on the ground of his acting with the majority of his fellow citizens of the South. It is considered very doubtful if he is pardoned, for the present at least.

Ford's Theatre is being arranged preparatory to being turned over to its new owners. It was injured a good deal by military occupation, while a number of articles were taken away by morbid curiosity seekers. They even took the stage carpet where Booth fell, and partially cut it up for mementoes of the place. The theatre passes into the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association, and will be known as Lincoln Temple.

Regular afternoon dispatches by telegraph—no report.

For the SENTINEL.

The Celebration at Mound City.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me through your estimable paper to give a passing notice of the very creditable and patriotic celebration of the Fourth at Mound City.

The good citizens of Mound City and vicinity at an early hour assembled together to the number of at least seven hundred, a large proportion of whom were women and children, telling but too plainly the lamentable truth of the absence of their husbands, brothers, and friends in defence of the flag of our country, and of civil liberty guaranteed and vouchsafed by the hardships, long suffering, blood, and treasure of our forefathers, whose principles, valor, and patriotism we this day had come together to celebrate as the birth-day of our own independence.

The services of the day were commenced by prayer by Rev. Shepherd, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mr. Skeels. An oration was then delivered by T. H. Parrish, of Oregon, who for an hour held his audience spell bound by his eloquence in patriotic appeals in behalf of civil law and civil liberty. It is but just to say that on this occasion Mr. Parrish showed to the people of Holt county he well understood the working and history of our government, that it had been established by patriots, preserved by patriots, and finally, in the dark hour of its severe trial for self-preservation, it had been preserved by patriots; and although it had cost the nation billions of treasure, hundreds of thousands of precious lives of our brave countrymen whose blood had moistened the soil, and whose bones "lie mouldering in the grave" or bleaching on almost every hill-top and valley, of the entire South; yet to the everlasting praise and credit of all true Americans this sacrifice was made, our country saved, republican institutions preserved, the right of self-government maintained, religious liberty secured. In his oration Mr. Parrish gave entire satisfaction to his audience, produced the most lively emotions of patriotism, and reflected honor and credit upon himself as an orator of no ordinary character.

Next, Mr. I. Buzick, of Mound City, responded to the regular toast, "our fallen dead." In response to this toast Mr. Buzick entered into all the feeling and pathos of his subject, and moved his audience, as if by magic, to the most sublime and tender emotions, for our brave, departed, and fallen heroes. Mr. Buzick reflected great credit upon himself as a young and rising orator of fine promise.

Then came the regular toast, "The flag of our country," responded to by Mr. McClain, of Savannah, who "raised the hair of our heads" as we heard delineated the chivalrous, noble, and daring deeds done under the old flag, the ensign of our country. Mr. McClain is a young orator of fine promise.

This closed the morning programme, and we were invited to partake of one of the most sumptuous feasts it has ever been our lot to partake of on the Fourth of July. The finest meats, breads, cakes, pies, and "fixins" of the land, in double the amount necessary to meet the demands, and of a quality to satisfy the most fastidious epicure from the peasant to the king. And last, tho' not least, of our enjoyment of our feast of fat things, was the ladies of Mound City to grace the table as waiters, and give *cavat* to the occasion, making it not only a "feast of fat things" but a "flow of soul," in which all partook in a spirit and glee that seemed to say "all things are ready and the fatted calf is killed." And permit me here to say the ladies of Mound City and vicinity have earned a fair fame and a good name not soon to be forgotten by the people of Holt county who had the pleasure of partaking of their repast. Dinner being over, the audience returned to the stand, when there were some volunteer toasts and responses, and the programme closed by an address from Rev. Shepherd.

Truly, this was a day spent in spirit and in truth in the celebration of the birth-day of our independence, in which not an angry word was said nor a man seen drunk; a day spent in a manner that can only produce "peace and good will amongst men, and a day in which all who partook of the kind hospitality of the City, went home satisfied with themselves and the balance of mankind, glad that they were alive and permitted to celebrate the birth-day of their independence, as a glorious inheritance of their fathers.

OREGON.

[Written for the HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL.]

Triumphs of Genius.

Genius is as varied in its species as the fragments of dissolved nature. The pursuit of it forms the occupation of the different working or rather industrious minds of the universe. Its failure of accomplishment their greatest pain; its triumphs their greatest joy. Ever since time began—since our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden—Genius has reigned and triumphed. Look, if you please, at the poor student, who from day to day struggles with the maddening waves of adversity, and from night to night is found poring over volumes of ancient lore—long after fair Luna's crescent disc has sunk to rest, and myriads of stars are sparkling from the blue dome on high, with aching head and weary frame he burns the "midnight oil." He feels within his nature the latent spark of Genius, and intends to develop it. Go to the halls of learning in after years: there you will hear the burning words of eloquence as they fall from the lips of that same poor student as he stands before you in the matured strength of manhood.

Behold, for an instant, the youthful painter! In the chill confines of his attic room he plies his pencil. His wall is decorated by sketches of his own childish production, from the first attempt, with a piece of charcoal, to the more finished specimens of copies from real life. Follow his course through the devious round of travel; lift the veil which shrouds the future and glance adown the misty aisle. He has returned from his weary pilgrimage to the shrine of ancient art. He has drawn inspiration from the work of the "old masters," whose works still speak tho' the authors are long since dead. He returns to his native land to exhibit to the eager spectators the creations of fancy, which call forth deafening shouts of applause. His fame is established—his genius has triumphed—his star, though slowly moving at first, has risen 'till it is the center of the world's admiration.

Roll back the stone from the door of the sepulcher, the "Tomb of Ages," and let nations long since buried in oblivion rise from their graves in all their primitive glory! Go with me to the Queen city of the world, ancient Rome! Behold the intrepid Romulus as he lays the foundation for that mighty capital, and soon a small hamlet tells of human life! Roll on, a score of years, and the proud city stands as a monument of its founder's genius. One hundred times the wheels of time have told a year, and on seven hills she stands proudly defying the world's competition.

Wander in imagination where luxuriant sunny clime tells of Italy, the land of Columbus! Go to Genoa; watch him as he patiently cons books of travel. Fancy him standing with Genius all beaming in his eyes, and flowing from his lips, before the sovereign of Spain. Raise the prayer for protection as he embarks on the waters of the heretofore untraveled deep. Hear his glad cry as land meets his straining gaze, and calms his troubled spirit; and glory in the triumph which has given a home to thousands of homeless wanderers who still bless his name.

And, if your fancy does not droop its wings with exhaustion, fly with me to the birthplace of the warlike Napoleon. Mark his struggles for position, until at last his hands away the rod of empires and Europe trembles at his presence. And, later still, though none the less brilliant, the career of our noble Washington, the military Genius of the Revolution. From the obedient son of an almost matchless mother he rose to the almost adored leader and friend of thousands of brave and invincible spirits. Such examples are found recorded on the pages of history from the beginning of nations. There we read of statesmen, heroes, artists, poets, kings, emperors, and all the innumerable hosts of the different classes of Genius. Study them carefully, ponder their truths and advantages, and then, in the face of all these witnesses, shut your eyes (if you can) to the fact that Genius has, does now, and ever will, triumph gloriously until time shall be no more.

A. B. C.

OREGON, Mo., June 29, 1865.

ORATION

Delivered at Oregon, Mo., July 4th 1865.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CUMMINS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am most happy to greet you on this occasion, and to congratulate you as fellow-citizens of the great and undivided Republic; for I cannot but feel that common interests and motives, moving with equal power on every soul here present, have admonished us to set aside our accustomed avocations, and to come up hither to offer the tribute of one great and thankful heart in commemoration of the birth and preservation of our common country. I know, from the unutterable joy, whose spirit-like presence lights up every countenance before me, and struggles in every soul for a more tangible embodiment, that you have each an ample appreciation of the glorious privileges which this, as the representative of a day long passed, is still conferring upon you as citizens of the grand, old Government of the United States of America. My fellow-citizens, I thank God from the profoundest depths of my heart, and I know you do, that we have a day, which, to us, as a civil people, is above and beyond all other days in the glory and magnitude of the interests it represents. Yes, we all thank God, that we have this common ground of sympathy, where we can meet and commingle our joys and our sorrows—where we may recount the achievements and reverses that have gilded or darkened the national pathway, and draw thence a gospel and statute for our future guidance. I cannot look on this day as other than one of deep and solemn importance to every truly loyal American; this is a national occasion in the truest and fullest, in the highest and noblest sense of that term, and comprehends within the compass of a single day the celebration of every privilege dear to each one of us as political, civil, and religious freemen.

Year after year we have accustomed ourselves to meet on this memorable anniversary our avowed independence from British rule, that we might awake in the minds of the rising generation, the principles of self-reliance and determination, and teach them lessons of devotion to God and country from the records of their fathers. Once more the year has revolved and ushered in this gloriously beautiful and eventful Fourth of July, and above all others, it is the greatest and grandest ever commemorated by the nation, not excepting that in view of the terrible struggle and triumph of the revolution. This day we eat the feast of the passover; not in memory of the sparing of the first-born of families, but of nations. First-born of nations, we say, because our nation is the first-born in yielding up to the people those inalienable rights, "Among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It is not our purpose to-day to enter into an exact discussion, either of the philosophy of our origin, or history, but to pass over these in brief, that we may dwell on that which more particularly concerns and interests the present; we must be content, therefore, to gaze upon the merest photograph of the several distinguishing periods of our governmental being; for we are not here so much for the sake of knowledge, as to be brought into a nearer sympathy with what we already possess. We are already ready-made with the cold, logical connections of our history. To-day we want to be thrilled by the emotions that its nearest relations can inspire, and be transported by its pictures of dazzling achievements; we wish to reciprocate in every fiber of our being, the noble sentiments which this colossal statue of just and righteous government beams out through every feature of its stupendous structure. This, my friends, is no time for frigid analysis, but for the free outpourings of our most patriotic feelings.

If we go back ninety or an hundred years in the history of this part of the continent, we cannot but discover the scenes then and there present, that it was a peculiar time, freighted with strange and contradictory events, such as ever attend and prepare for ushering into being of great and permanent reforms. Just then society moved on with steady and majestic march, and a world transfixed with astonishment wondered what it was seeking. Political earthquakes upheaved mountains of civil discord; Pharisaic religions bred their political feuds; men were elevated to places and incarcerated in dungeons; Governments, societies, and men, seemed blindly revolving a destiny under the guidance of an in-dwelling force, of which the wisest statesmen could predict nothing but ruin and disaster. All were perplexed in the solution of the mysterious problem that seemed but dimly outlined in the workings of human history; and all seemed to ask, whence are these perpetual overturnings, this ceaseless change in the form, relation, and principles of all things under human direction? A mighty darkness rested like a dense pall on the passing drama, there was a running to and fro; there was a groping of the way in gloomy

shadows; there was a great restlessness, an intolerable longing among the people for something, they knew not what. Then came the dreadful calm; each looked his fellow in the face and spoke of the bursting storm, but could not unravel the results of its mission, nor mark the boundaries of its career. They saw that a revolution in the point of government was now inevitable, but they could not comprehend that it was but the outworking of those great results which must be attained ere they should be fitted to occupy that transcendent position designed then in the divine scale of governmental excellence. They could not yet realize that these troublesome scenes were but the mighty throes of intellect, endeavoring to realize those matchless ideals that live, and move, and have their being in its own vaster, and more perfect world of governments, societies, and men. They did not pause to think that for six thousand years, the world, through all its countless departments, had been laboring to embody its ideals, and that the process still worked on, ever revolving something new, ever approximating, yet never attaining its desired goal; they seem never to have reflected that new thoughts were being suggested, higher and nobler archetypes were being formed, and that thus, and only thus it was, that the car of human progress moved ceaselessly onward and upward toward a perfection that should beacon it forever. No, the instigators of the revolution seem never to have troubled themselves about the philosophy of the causes that was inducing that mighty contest between opposite principles, they were satisfied with drawing up their grievances as arguments and reasons for a change in the government; and with these alone they came before the world and asked its sympathy, and with these alone, their orators succeeded in bringing under their standard the resisting force of the colonies. Of course they had been grievously wronged, and that without the hope of redress; they had petitioned the throne of Britain, and had been spurned with contempt; they had asked for mercy, and been soothed with more grievous burdens; they had demanded the rights of subjects only, and had been informed that Colonists had no place for representation in an English Parliament.

But all these were circumstances that gave plausibility to colonial resistance, and occasion for the outbreak of hostility, while the real and legitimate cause that inflamed the popular mind, and irresistibly impelled it to the terrible resort of arms, lay deeper down in the fact that the world was prepared for a new era in governments that should be a splendid advance on that which was already on the wane—in the fact that an idea of popular government had gone abroad among the people, and that around it were entwined their nearest and dearest affections. Consult, if you please, the history of the world, and you will discover that when once the sympathies of the people lay hold on an idea, I care not whether it be one of civil, or religious, or scientific excellence, it must and will give itself a material embodiment in some form, in the face of any and every opposition; you will never see a ruling idea either frightened, or reasoned from the embrace of those who have espoused it. I look upon the mind's disposition to seek toward ideal excellence, as being the great motive power by which every reform is conceived and sustained; we have a moving quenchless affection that binds our hearts indissolubly to the ideal that rushes headlessly on over every obstacle and cannot be satiated except in possession of the embodied perfection. It was this affection that steeled the hearts of Christian martyrs against the sufferings through which they were called to pass, and made them faithful witnesses of the cause they had espoused; it was this that made a Galileo exclaim, (when under trial for his scientific view in relation to planetary motion, and in danger of imprisonment and death,) "The hand may write the contrary but it does not turn." Yes, love for truth is the affection that has adorned the realm of science with every costly gem, and that of religion with immortal souls; this affection it is, that has shrouded the glory of earth's history in blood, and lighted the world with the fires of devastation; this is the perduring power, which winding through the maze of life's endless relations, joins the souls of men in bonds of tenderest, yet eternal sympathy, and thus becomes the mighty engine of human progress, and the strenuous supporter of existing institutions. I tell you my fellow-citizens, that we are indebted to this invincible power for all we have and are as a nation. It was the love our fore-fathers had for an idea, that reared aloft this glorious structure of freedom in which we now live, and under whose benign protection we enjoy the rights of God's noblest and best work of creation—civil and religious freemen. It was this the origin and utterance to one of the sublime sentiments ever recorded in man history—"I know of what others may take, but as for me, liberty, or give me death." It was [Leg]

this that collected the little army of Washington under that old starry emblem yonder, and marshalled it against the mercenaries of King George, in spite of their superior numbers and discipline, and equipments; it was this that neither the snows of the Jersey, nor the wants and privations of the army could conquer or abate; it was this that caused the Spartan-like women of the revolution to surrender up their jewels to the treasury of their country, and to labor with their own fair hands to supply the wants of their heroic sons on the gory field of battle. Yes, it was patriotism—the love of country—the love of that very country that objected our fathers' ideal of truth and beauty, and goodness; that fought the battles of Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill, and marched an army barefoot and on reduced rations for days together, through a howling wilderness and over frozen snows.

What devotion! what patriotism! What a distinguished honor, is it not, to have descended from such an ancestry? "I would rather be an American than to be a King," and rather than utter one single word against a government which such devotion, and such devotees have founded, I would die a miserable exile.

Were it not that such forces and energies were at work during our bloody and protracted struggle with England, our nation would never have existed. All the grievances that could be aggregated would never have been a sufficient reason, nor given a sufficient impulse, for throwing our miniature army against the mighty tide of opposition, hurled upon it by traitorous loyalists at home, and a bigoted and tyrannical King abroad; but under the guidance of so potent an agency as patriotism, there was no barrier too formidable—there was nothing that could not be accomplished, save alone impossibilities. Reverses might, and often did cross the path of former successes, and victories that dazzled the world with their brilliance, grew dim amid the thickening gloom of the contest; but just as the glorious sun breaks through the ebullient bulwarks of the storm in all his splendor and magnificence, and sends abroad over the landscape his cheering and reviving influence, so this nation, perfect in germ, though fostered amid the rubbish and debris of a crumbling monarchy, broke through the war-clouds of the revolution, and came forth to gladden and elevate the hearts of the oppressed.

Just in time to meet the longing expectation of the world, (and I had almost said the mathematical exactness of a chronological period,) a mighty constellation hitherto unknown, heaves high above the horizon of nations, and sheds abroad the beams of his strength; it was a constellation composed of stars of the first magnitude, before which all others should grow dim, and at the glory of whose rising the world should keep jubilee forever; it was a constellation of deliverance, ushering in the glorious period, when the nations of earth should learn the folly of a pampered nobility and the emptiness of a monarch's crown.

How can our feeble tongues pay an appropriate tribute to those illustrious ones, who, with whole hearts and singleness of purpose, bowed themselves a willing sacrifice on the altar of country that we, their children, might be blessed with peace and liberty? How shall we give utterance to the emotions that thrill us with a devoted fervor, and bind us back with a holy love to the mediatorial forms and disinterested deeds of our sires? How shall we essay to impress, as with pen of steel, on tables of brass, down deep in the soul of every youth here to-day, the image of their illustrious deeds, the emulation of their ambition, their supreme and uncompromising devotion to country?

Rest on, inceptive fathers; your names and memories are embalmed in the sacred monument of liberty, amid deeds of mercy and benevolence that shall live through an eternity; your graves are still watched over by freemen, and by friends who pay their yearly tribute of praise on each returning birthday of the nation, to the mortal remains and immortal spirits of their illustrious dead.

Thus the revolution came, and thus it was conducted to a happy termination in triumph.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A FOREIGN APPOINTMENT.—Ex-Governor Wright, of Indiana has received the appointment of United States Minister to Prussia. It is a position which he has already filled with great acceptance both to the home Government and to that of Prussia. No American is more favorably known in Germany than Mr. Wright and his active interest in agricultural affairs as shown at the Hamburg exhibit 1863, will make him a very useful representative in a country where the arts are extensively pursued.